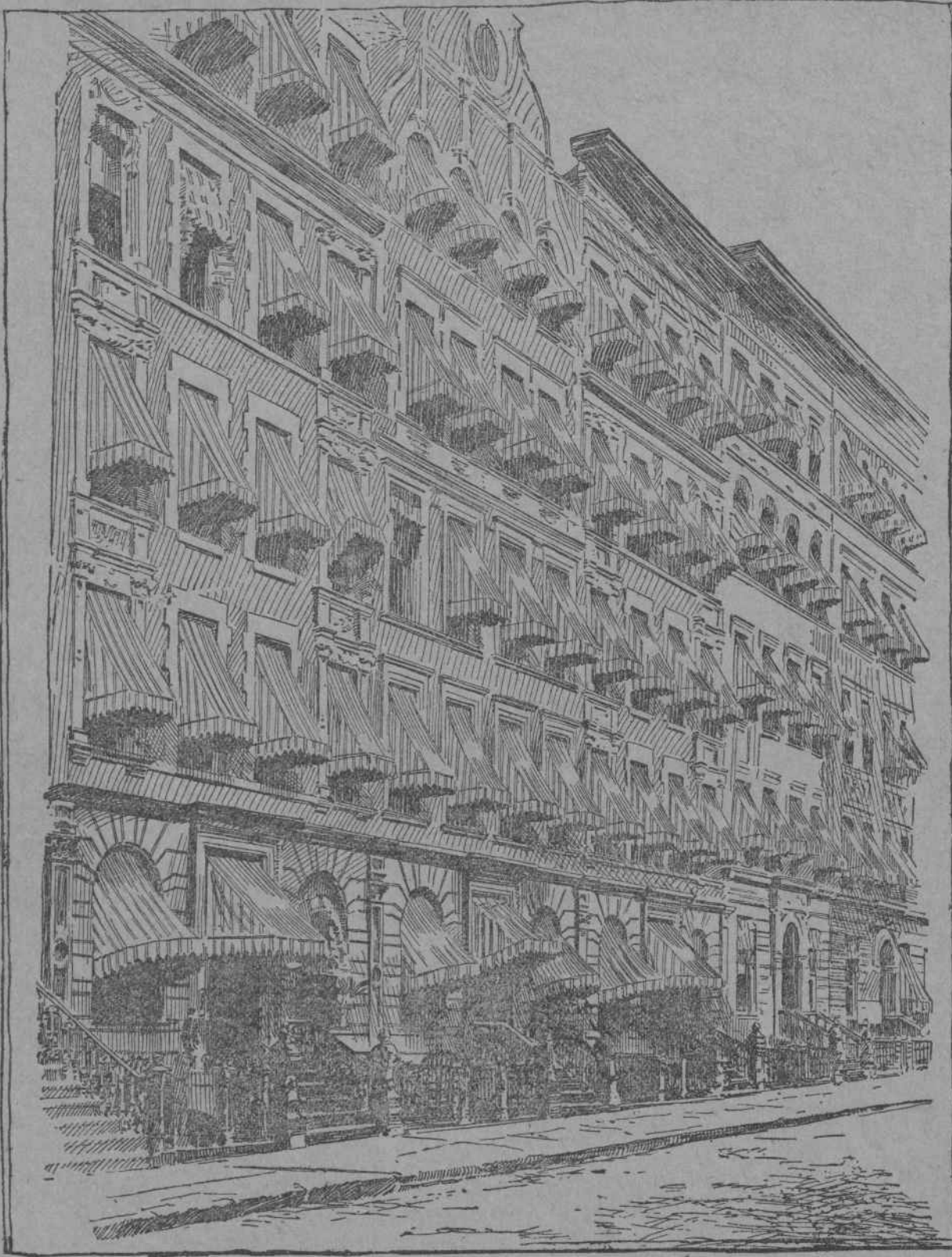


THE DEPARTED GLORY OF

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Mirth and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Such as Turk in maiden smiles.
A man, broad-shouldered, with bronzed arms and curly brown hair,
was laying brick upon a wall in West Thirty-ninth street. And to the
tinkle of the flying trowel he sang. The song he sang was that—
The song he sang was that—
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Mirth and youthful jollity.
It was a strange song for a bricklayer to sing while he worked away
upon a wall in West Thirty-ninth street. But he was an educated brick-
layer, and, besides, he was the seventh son of a seventh son, and he could
foresee the future.
And while he sang, and while he worked, the summons of his song



FAMOUS OLD "SOUBRETTE ROW."

and the lifting tune of it, and the sunlight which was all about him,
were wrought with the mortar and prisoned in the wall he was building.
By and by the work was done and the builder went away. But his
song remained behind, chained in the wall.
That was years ago. The builder is forgotten, but the wall stands.
And day and night, in dancing sunshine, and when darkness has fallen,
dreary with rain and snow, the song and its bidding have echoed
through Thirty-ninth street.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Mirth and youthful jollity.
The building is "Soubrette Row." Now the parable of the singing
bricklayer is plain.



"SOUBRETTE ROW," redolent of wine, cosmetics and cigarettes,
home of such frolics as would give a country church deacon a fit.
"Soubrette Row," where diamonds, long since sent to pawn,
perhaps, have written pet names on the window panes.
"Soubrette Row," parent of awful next mornings, and a memory for
all time to the New Yorker who lives in this end of the century.
"Soubrette Row." There have been flat houses in different parts of
the city which claimed that name, but none of them ever came by it
honestly. They stole it from the flats in Thirty-ninth street, between
Seventh and Eighth avenues. There the name was born—born of such
hilarity, such rollicking nights and such repentant days as wanderers
from other cities and other shores have had cause to wonder at.
Every paving stone in the roadway before those famous flats stands
for goodness knows how many cases of champagne. "The dust which the
wind driveth away" will fairly represent the more plebeian drinks which
have been swallowed there. Cigarettes enough and cigars enough have
been burned in the rooms of that row to make a bonfire as big as a city
square.
"Soubrette Row." In these tidy houses, where striped awnings keep
the morning light from sleepy eyes, there has lingered a life which can
never be found except within hailing distance of the theatres and the
glare of Broadway lights.
From the day when that jaunty line of flats in West Thirty-ninth
street was opened, the nymphs have been hastening thither, at all hours
of day and night, in cabs and on foot. Mirth and youthful jollity, and
for that matter some jollity which was bald-headed and had snaky
whiskers, joined in the procession, and what a cavalcade they have made.
They began going there very slowly. For a decorous and commendable
length of time church-going fathers made homes for their "properly"
brought-up families there. Such men as slept at night and went to hum-
drum business every morning tried to find rest there for weary bones
and brains. Little children, neat but not gaudy, played about the door-
steps, and "respectability" covered the place like a mantle.
Wall Street factors made their homes there. Wall Street men are
gregarious. The time came when there was scarcely a name upon the
letter-boxes, from 221 to 231 in West Thirty-ninth street, which did not
figure more or less in the financial hurly-burly down town. Then the
people on "Change" and the people all through the quarter knew it as
"Brokers' Row."
But one fine day an actor, like Satan, "came also." And from the
day that he perched his Lanes and Penates in a third-floor flat there, and
gave his old father and mother two comfortable seats by the window,
Quiet took its flight from the Row.
For actors are a noisy folk. Their day begins when the rest of the
world is beginning to think about bedtime. Their hours and their habits
do not jibe with the hours and habits of other people. No, not much.
In a little while more actors and actresses came, and night still
more took unto itself the uproarousness of day. Soubrette Row never
sleeps.
When the comfortable merchantman householder in the "Row" had
just settled his brains for a long winter's nap" a cab would unload its
laughing, fun-making crew just underneath his windows. It was his
theatrical neighbor, with a few invited souls of the profession. Tired
of entertaining other people, they had come to "the flat" to entertain

themselves for a few hours.
It was "after midnight" to the tired merchantman. To the players
and their night-owl friends it was "just the shank of the evening." The
chafing dish was hot, and while it simmered the corks popped. The
plano was loud, but the laughter was louder, the floors shook with
the dancing, and the tobacco smoke crept under the doors and into the
hallways. They called it "Soubrette Row" by this time.
Then shortly came the new and enduring title. The music of rattling
poker chips added to the endless conglomeration of noise. The com-
bination of sounds which echoed through the airshaft of "Soubrette
Row" defied analysis. As time went on it grew louder and louder. Some
of the soubrettes got out of work, but the noise and the merriment went
on just the same. It was a gay old row by this time, and the fame of it
went abroad.
One by one the merchantmen hoisted sail and bore away to other
anchorage. For every storekeeper who left, a soubrette, or—better and
gayer still—two soubrettes, came, and the fun grew fast and furious.
Then it was "Soubrette Row" in good earnest. When stranded The-
sians, whom fate had cast adrift in Western towns with a long stretch
of miles between them and New York, made a mental calculation of the
distance between there and home, "Soubrette Row" was the objective
point in the figuracy. Footlight favorites down on their luck, malodora
made failures, song and dance artists, Fatimas who found the demand
for barefoot exhibitions on the wane, chorus girls and variety show
acrobats, made for "Soubrette Row" when they struck New York, as
the Mecca where all desirable things were focussed.
The quiet married people who live in the neighborhood of the "Row"
have been wont to close their windows and draw the shades after
nightfall, for the air was freighted now and then with songs in English
that were not of the most. The neighbors did not like their children
o venture to the windows after certain hours at night either, for the
"Soubrette Row" tenants of the petticoated variety were not at all par-
ticular about elevating their toes to unwholesome attitudes in moments of es-
pecial exhilaration.
Reformers, cohort upon cohort of them, have pulled long faces and
in their bad books put a pencil mark through that famous block in
Thirty-ninth street. Policemen with thick-soled shoes and long night
sticks, and only too eager eyes, have stood for weary hours along the
curbstones of this thoroughfare, from dark till dawn, looking for victims.
Yet somehow the ceaseless clatter and laughter, and feverish gaiety of
"Soubrette Row" have gone on unimpaired by time, unchanged by chang-
ing administrations.
Throughout this Greater New York there are in many places dashes of
this same life, so concealed, however, amid quiet surroundings, that
policemen, no matter how lynx-eyed, could never find them out.
But in "Soubrette Row" the denizens were bolder. When the per-
formances in the big playhouses were over "Soubrette Row's" fun be-
gan, and the dwellers there didn't care much who knew it. They spent
no cause for them to get up early, so they stayed up late. They spent
their evenings singing and dancing and walking through parts which
paid them little enough, all for the amusement of other people. When
they had done their stint and sent the sleepy, steady-going New Yorkers
home soothed and satisfied, it was their turn to have fun, and they had

move until compelled to do so by the too
evident pressure of years.
This feminine propensity to falsify one's
age is not always the result of vanity. It
may arise at times from a slovenly habit of
the mind, which is loath to change a figure
that has done service for so long. When
the new year comes on us, the pen often
clings with sentimental forgetfulness to
the figures of the old. It rebels against
a 7 where a 6 has been.
Perhaps the same lazy sentiment and
forgetfulness urge a woman to fabricate
an age in consonance with her desire.
The favorite "sticking age" for women is
twenty-five. This is proved by the fact
that the number of women returning them-
selves as between twenty and twenty-five
is far larger than the number of girls re-
turned ten years before as being between
ten and fifteen. The former must naturally
be the survivors of the latter. Here is a
little mystery of which the solution must
be found in the intricate mazes of woman's
vanity.
Why a woman should begin to falsify her
age in the early twenties has always been
a puzzle to the fair and square minded
lords of creation. From twenty-five to
thirty-five is assuredly the table land of
woman's life and attractiveness.
Granted. But women are essentially pru-
dential in their calculations.
If one is determined to "stick" at twenty-
nine, to refuse to run the steep decline of
life fairly, to decline to take at a bound
the third multiple of ten, it is well to begin
in good time. A year or two in the early
twenties is never missed.
And a woman never stoops to pickup what
she has thus lost. Which leads to the con-
clusion that women are wise in their gen-
eration.



PATRIARCHS ON WHEELS.
An Old Man's Bike Brigade, Well Known on
All Roads About
Chicago.
Evanston, Ill., has the finest old quintet
of gray-whiskered bicycle cranks that ever
pedaled manfully up a high hill, pushing
like a lot of schoolboys, feeling that age
has no power to curb their dash of en-
ergy.
These fine cycling patriarchs call them-
selves the "Old Men's Brigade," and are a
properly organized club all by themselves.
They take brisk and quiet extensive runs
about Chicago, and all Cook County, and,
in fact, all of Illinois, has heard their
fame.
The youngest member, the baby of this
extraordinary bicycle organization, is only
sixty-three years old. He is a mere child
compared with the oldest member, who is
"high on to seventy-five," and frisky yet.
No wheelman who has not seen sixty Win-
ters can get into this gray-beard fellow-
ship, and to be thoroughly eligible every
applicant must have a claim, no matter
how slender, to ill health.
The oldest of the "Brigade" is David
Bonnell. He is a retired lumberman, who
took to the bicycle to cure his rheuma-
tism, got well and then urged his old
chums to go and do likewise.
James Moore, the second member, is
sixty-eight years old. He is a big land
owner, and the funny man of the outfit.
Thomas Mayhew is only seventy-two, but
when he is not on his wheel turns flip-
flops and cartwheels, just to keep the joint-
ness out of his joints. His excuse for join-

ing the club was that he had insomnia.
William Scott is another of these sporty
youths. He is a promising boy of sixty-
three. He has ridden a wheel for several
years. Charles Aiken, photographer, is the
only one of the brigade who is in active
business. He is the strong man of the
party.
The five old men have had a barrel of fun
in their road runs. Crowds have vied
them, just to shake hands. "Kids" have
gaped them, but they are happy, because
the chance is good now for the organiza-
tion of a woman's auxiliary to the brigade.
The leader will probably be Mrs. Elizabeth
Kellogg, wife of Professor Julius Kellogg,
of Northwestern University.
A CHINESE TELEGRAM.
A Clumsy System of Transmission Now in
Vogue on the Lines of Li
Hung Chang.
Chinese is the only language that cannot
be telegraphed. So a cipher system has
been invented, by which messages can be
sent.
The sender of the message need not bother
himself about the meaning. He may tele-
graph all day without the slightest idea of
the information he is sending, for he trans-
mits only numerals.
It is very different with the receiver, how-
ever. He has a code dictionary at his
elbow, and after each message is received
he must translate it, writing each literary
character in the place of the numeral that
stands for it. Only about an eighth of the
words in the written language appear in the
code, but there are enough of them for all
practical purposes.

**A WOMAN'S AGE
HER SECRET.**
The Prince of Wales once asked a very
pretty woman her age. She replied: "Just
twenty-five." Five years later he met her
again, when he asked the same question.
"Just twenty-five," she again replied. The
Prince smiled, and said: "Five years ago
you made the same answer." "Ah, Your
Highness, surely you don't think I am a
woman who says one thing to-day and an-
other thing to-morrow."
Women all the world over, white, black,
red and yellow, equivocate on one point.
That point is their age. In fact, there is
something essentially unfeminine in the
make-up of a woman who, having arrived
—having very much arrived—at years of
discretion, does not equivocate. And it is a
woman's first duty to be feminine.
Looking over the Blue Book, where our
ages are periodically registered, one fact
stands out for all who run to read. It is
that the vast majority of women's ages
therein recorded cluster near the early
twenties and the multiples of ten.
That women are reluctant to "change a
figure" is common knowledge. When she
has passed the thirtieth milestone, a wo-
man mendaciously loves to linger in the
late twenties, from which she refuses to



PIT FULL OF SKELETONS.
An Ancient Mexican Burying Ground Con-
taining the Bones of Countless
Thousands.
Assemblyman Mack, of Inyo County,
Cal., has written to a Western paper re-
garding a peculiar burying-ground situated
in the ancient city of Guanajuato, the cap-
ital of the State of the same name in Mex-
ico. Mack, while on a visit, noticed a
boneyard situated on a mountain near
there.
The enclosure measures about one hun-
dred square yards, and is surrounded by a
wall twelve feet high and eight feet in
thickness. In this wall are crypts which
hold the dead bodies. If any one dies in
the city the relatives, on payment of \$40,
are granted permission to put the remains
of the deceased into one of the crypts.
The crypt is then sealed and the body al-
lows to remain there for five years.
If at the expiration of this time the re-
latives pay another \$100 they have the
right to leave the body in the crypt for-
ever. Should the \$100 not be forthcoming
the remains are taken to the boneyard,
where this gruesome collection of bones
covers the ground to a depth of twenty
feet.
Stairs lead down to a 300-foot passage,
at the end of which is a large pit. Here
lying about is the collection of skulls and
skeletons. On both sides of the passage
are arranged embalmed bodies. These are
placed in niche-like indentations and
sealed. They are quickly dried here and
preserved as mummies. The city of Guan-
ajuato was founded in 1545, and in the
boneyard lie the remains of hundreds of
thousands of its citizens.